THE MIDNIGHT DELIVERY
Not every floor should be reached.
DEMONIC RITUAL
TIME DIALATION
PORTAL OR PARALLEL WORLD
A mysterious horror short True Story by Moiz Khan
Based in Toronto – where the clock runs backwards

The Midnight Story

Not every floor should be reached

By
Moiz Khan

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Hello everyone,

My name is Zeeshan, and I'm speaking to you from Sydney, Australia.

Today, I want to share with you a story that truly shook me. A story so bizarre and chilling that I've never heard anything like it before. This tale was told to my younger brother by one of his school friends. Though that friend was his senior, they were close—so he confided in him. For privacy, I won't reveal his real name. Let's just call him Azaad.

This story takes place in Toronto, Canada, and it happened before the pandemic. Azaad had recently moved from Bangladesh to Canada to pursue his Bachelor's degree.

Now, we all remember how the world turned upside down during the COVID-19 crisis. It hit everyone hard, but the international students faced the worst of it. With everything shut down and very few jobs available, most students from South Asia—including India, Pakistan, and

Bangladesh—were working as food delivery riders, one of the few remaining options.

Azaad managed to get a job as a delivery rider too. The company provided him with a scooter and a mobile phone for the job. He began supporting himself through deliveries, usually working until around 10:30 p.m. every night. After his shift, he'd return home and focus on his studies.

But then… one night, something strange happened.

Just as he was packing up after his shift like usual, he received a late notification on his phone one last order. The time had already passed 10:30, so at first, he considered ignoring it. But then he noticed something that made him pause: the customer had tipped $25. Now, anyone who's worked in delivery knows that tips like that are rare. Most people don't even tip a dollar, maybe just a few cents. So, naturally, Azaad thought, Who gives $25 as a tip? Despite the late hour and the order being in a slightly distant and isolated area, the tip convinced him. He decided to deliver it.

He checked the location on Google Maps and saw that it was in a quiet part of town—barely any buildings, just one old structure, a parking lot, and a closed café nearby. It was late at night, the area looked spooky, but Azaad was determined. Just this one last delivery, he told himself.

When he arrived, he parked his scooter and looked up at the building. It was old, made of red bricks, and had a creepy, worn-down vibe. The kind of place that makes your instincts tingle.

He entered the building and took the elevator up. According to the delivery notification, the order had been placed by a woman on the 13th floor. He pressed the button and rode up.

When the elevator doors opened, he stepped into a strangely long corridor. So long, in fact, that someone could literally run or play games in it. But something felt off… There were only two apartments on the entire floor. That alone felt strange.

It was the middle of winter, and cold air filled the corridor. Azaad had just come in from outside and had no

way to warm himself. He figured a short walk up and down the corridor might help him warm up a bit. So he paced from one end to the other, then stopped to check his phone again to confirm which of the two flats the order belonged to.

It was now 11:45 p.m. Remember, his last order was scheduled at 10:30 p.m. so this timing made sense, given the distance and the delay in delivery.

He was near the first flat and guessed it wasn't the one. But then, from the other end of the corridor, he noticed that the second flat's door was open and from it, he felt a gentle wave of warm air. In that freezing cold, warm air was like a gift. He instinctively started walking toward it, just to enjoy a bit of warmth. The closer he got to the open door, the more comfortable he began to feel.

Finally, he reached the door. It was wide open. He didn't know why, but something made him look inside.

And what he saw next… was something no one would be prepared for.

It was like stepping into a scene from a dark fantasy movie.

Inside, two people, a man and a woman were wearing long, robe-like garments that looked like costumes from a mystical film. But the most disturbing detail was on their faces.

On each of their cheeks, they had green paint markings in the shape of a triangle with an eye inside the same symbol associated with the Illuminati. Identical on both of them. Exactly like what you see in movies.

And then came the most shocking part…

They weren't standing.
They were levitating. Floating in mid-air. About two or three feet above the ground. Just hovering.

Azaad stood there, stunned, mesmerized. He couldn't move. His mind couldn't process what he was seeing.

And just as he tried to look deeper into the apartment…

What he saw next was even more extreme, even more shocking than the floating figures.
He said, "Before this, I went to Dubai where there was a place like a desert. The entire apartment was filled with sand dunes as if I had entered the desert itself. I couldn't believe my eyes — one after another, I was witnessing mind-blowing scenes. Two human-like beings were levitating in the air, and all around me, there was nothing but desert. My mind was spinning, trying to understand what was going on.

Inside the apartment, it felt like a completely different world had been created. Then I thought, 'Azad, run! Get out of here before things go terribly wrong.' I tried to put the pizza box down. Just as I was about to place it, the two beings turned and looked at me. And now, they began floating toward me — still levitating in the air.

My heart jumped into my throat. I panicked, threw the pizza box, and dashed toward the elevator. As I ran, I looked back they were still floating toward me! I jumped into the lift and frantically started pressing the ground floor button over and over again. Just as they were about

to reach me, the lift door shut. I took the name of Allah and kept pressing the button, panicked and breathless.

The lift started descending, and I finally reached the ground floor. Now comes the real twist in the story.

When I got to the ground floor, I was about to lose my mind either I was going crazy, or my brain was going to explode. I stepped out of the building and saw a bright, sunny day. The sun was shining, the café was open, people were sitting and drinking coffee, some elderly folks were walking it was daytime.

I started wondering, "What the hell is going on with me?" I came here at night, parked my scooter, and entered the building. It couldn't have been more than 10 to 15 minutes ago! I just walked around a bit, explored a little, and now when I come outside it's day?

People were drinking coffee and going for walks.

I took out my phone and checked the time. It was 11:45 AM.

I had told you, the last pizza order came at 10:30 PM, and Azad entered the building around 11:45 PM. But now when I came out, the time was 11:45 AM almost noon.

Then I saw there were hundreds of missed calls from home, from friends, even from unknown numbers, some of them from police stations.

There were voice messages from unknown numbers saying things like "Azad, where are you?" Even from my company, I received messages like "Azad, please report to the office or the nearest police station immediately. Your friends and family are looking for you."

Azad's friends and family had gone to the police station to file a missing person report but the police refused, saying 24 hours hadn't passed yet.

In complete shock, Azad tried to process what had happened. He had entered at night but now it was day. He called one of his friends and said, "Bro, I'm at this location. Please come pick me up. I'm not feeling okay. I think I might die."

His friend picked him up and they first went to the nearest police station to report that Azad had been found. Then they went home. After that day, Azad got a high fever, and after 2–3 days when he started feeling better, he told everyone what had happened.

Everyone, his friends, and his family were in shock. They said, "How is this even possible? This is unbelievable. You entered the building at 11:45 PM and came out at 11:45 AM? And the event you're describing only lasted 10-15 minutes? Then where did those 12 hours go?"

That was everyone's burning question.

Azad and his friends went to his company to gather information. The company said Azad's profile was active until 10:30 PM, but after that, it went inactive. Everyone wondered, "If it was active till 10:30, why not until 11:45?"

But the most shocking detail was this: when Azad asked how everyone knew he was missing, maybe he was just sleeping. What was the big deal?

His friends told him something that left him speechless.

They said, "After 10:30 PM, all of your social media profiles vanished. Like... completely wiped. If someone searched for 'Azad', nothing would come up. Your Facebook, Instagram, even your LinkedIn everything disappeared. As if you never existed."

Seeing this, his family panicked. They contacted friends, who then contacted the police.

After that event, Azad remained sick for a while. Then one of his friends took him to a nearby mosque and told the Imam everything. The Imam listened and asked, "Son, do you do drugs? How can this be possible? You must be hallucinating."

Azad got offended and replied, "Imam sahib, I've been praying five times a day for years. I even pray Tahajjud (midnight prayer). How can you say something like that?"

Seeing Azad upset, the Imam calmed him down and said, "Alright, don't be angry. I'll contact a senior scholar who

might be able to help. He'll be here in 3 4 hours. Come back then."

When the elder scholar arrived, Azad narrated the whole incident. The scholar took some time, examined the matter spiritually, and then told Azad:

"Listen. I'll perform a protective spiritual recitation (dum) and place a shield around you. But know this I've seen your whole situation, but I am not allowed to tell you the full truth. This is for your own good.

Just understand this: you were under the effect of a very dangerous Aasaib (spiritual possession), potentially fatal. You survived. Be thankful to Allah. Don't try to investigate or chase after answers. Just move on with your life."

Azad and his friends left the place. But naturally, humans have an urge to know the truth.

There was a senior student at Azad's university an Ex-Muslim from Lebanon, well-versed in black magic, occult rituals, and all such things.

Azad's friends took him to this senior.

Before Azad could even speak, the student said, "I know what happened to you. And I know why you've come here."

Everyone was stunned. They hadn't told him anything how did he know?

The student said, "I don't have all the answers. And even if I did, I'm not allowed to tell you. My mouth is sealed. But I can give you the number of someone who might help a powerful Tantrik (occultist) in Los Angeles. Go next month, maybe he'll answer all your questions."

Azad thought, "Why would I go to Los Angeles? I just want to return to Bangladesh."

So he went back to his home country.

When some relatives heard about what happened, one of them who considered himself very clever said, "This seems like a demonic possession. We need to find a solution."

He took Azad to an Aghori Baba, a type of occultist known in Hinduism for extreme black magic and rituals. Aghoris live in cremation grounds, do horrifying practices like eating human flesh, drinking urine and feces, etc.

As soon as the Aghori saw Azad, he was thrilled. "We already know what happened to you. Our order has already been informed."

He said, "Don't worry. Our greatest Aghori Tantrik is coming from Tamil Nadu on 9th September the night of the full moon. He'll give you all your answers and perform a ritual."

But deep inside, Azad felt something was wrong. He got up, thanked the Aghori, and started walking away.

As he left, the Aghori said, "Just remember you were chosen. You are the one they were waiting for years of effort, meditation, rituals, and sacrifices... you were meant to fulfill their purpose."

Maybe they wanted to sacrifice Azad to achieve their goal.

Later, Azad went back to Canada and even changed his city. But to this day, he lives in fear, always keeping a low profile, just working and studying, never going out alone.

Weeks later, his friends made a plan to investigate the building, but they didn't take Azad along.

They entered the building and tried to go to the 13th floor but there was no 13th floor button in the elevator. Only 12 floors.

Confused, they went to the 12th floor and checked around. Azad had said there were only two flats but here, there were ten.

Five on each side. Nothing matched Azad's description.

They returned, puzzled, and told Azad. He got angry and said, "You shouldn't have gone there. Please don't ever speak of this again. I just want to move on with my life."

And that's what they did.

Azad now lives a quiet, cautious life sticking close to family and friends, and never going out much alone.

This was Azad's story, a mind-bending, haunting journey involving time dilation, dark rituals, magic, and spirituality. Some stories are hard to believe, but this world is full of strange, unexplainable events.

Hope you enjoyed it. Until next time with another wild story.
Thank you & take care.